

# Shadow

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

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COMICS

10¢



**BACK FROM THE GRAVE**

*To Prove That*

**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**





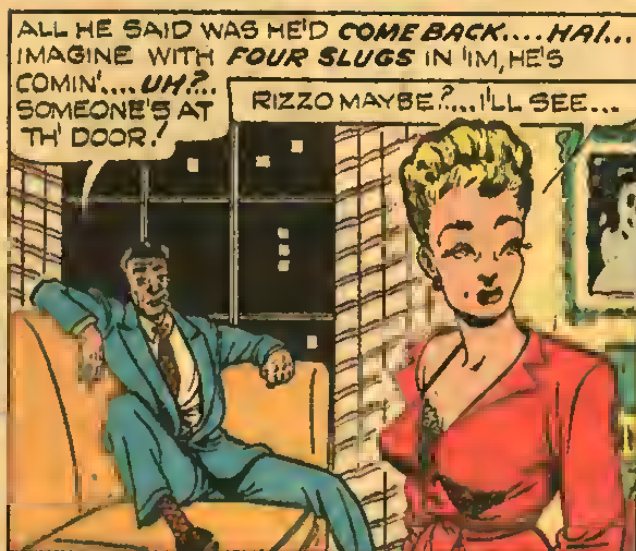
# THE SHADOW

IN "Back from the Grave"



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**TUNE IN** EACH WEEK TO THE **THRILLING** ADVENTURES OF THE **SHADOW!** CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS FOR TIME AND STATION



LAMONT, WHERE ARE WE..  
**LAMONT!!**  
**LISTEN!!**

THOSE WERE  
SHOTS!!...  
COME ON,  
MARGOT!!

HERE!...**IN HERE!**...WHERE'S THAT LIGHT  
SWITCH?...AH!...

L...LAMONT!  
**LOOK!...**

GET A DOCTOR, SOMEBODY! **EASY, MARGOT! HE'S DEAD....**  
THIS MAN.... I'LL CALL **COMMISSIONER WESTON!**

H...HE CAME BACK!!...**BACK**  
**FROM THE GRAVE!!**

THE NEXT MORNING.....

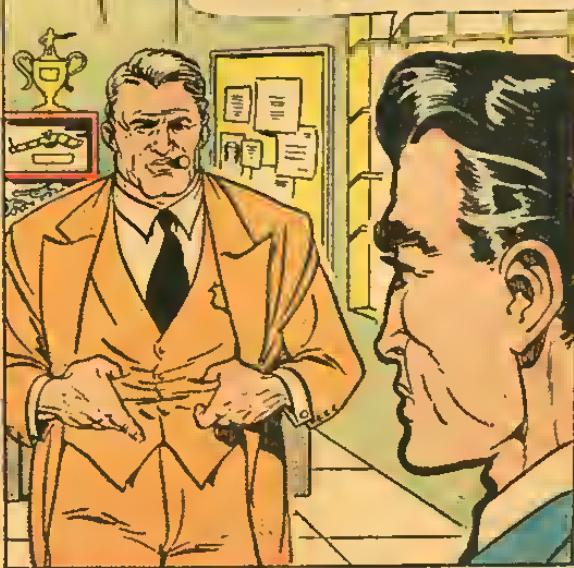
KILLER DID TURN OFF THE LIGHTS **BEFORE**

**OH SURE!...** HE TURNS  
OFF THE LIGHTS 'N'  
PUTS THREE SLUGS  
INTO RYAN'S HEART SO  
**CLOSE TOGETHER** YOU COULD  
COVER 'EM WITH A **FIFTY-CENT**  
**PIECE!**

MAYBE THE  
HE SHOT RYAN....  
JUST AS THE  
GIRL CLAIMS!!..

**NAH! NAH!...** SHE'S JUST COVERIN' UP  
SOMEBODY.... WE FIGURE IT WAS A RUN  
OF THE MILL GANG KILLING 'N' THE **MIDDY**  
**CARNATION** WAS THE  
RIVAL GANG'S CALLIN' **CARD!!...**

HMM...BUT THE  
BITS OF **EARTH** ON  
THE FLOOR **MATCHED**  
THAT ON THE **CARNATION....**  
THAT COULD BE A **TIE-IN!**



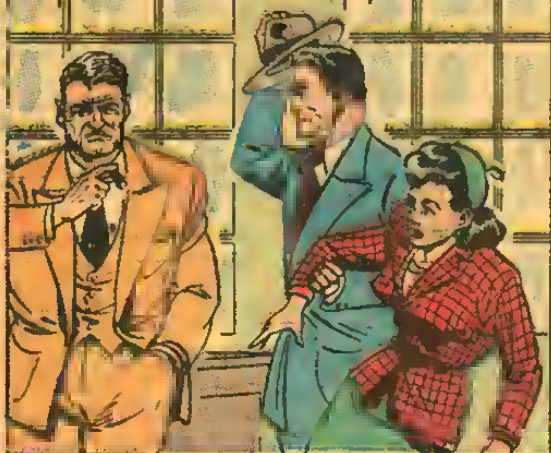
YEAH... SURE... IF YOU WANT TO READ ANY SIGNIFICANCE INTO IT, GO AHEAD... WE'LL JUST FOLLOW OUR **REGULAR PROCEDURE** TO GET THE KILLER!

MMM... GOODBYE, WESTON! COME ALONG, MARGOT!!!

ALRIGHT, LAMONT... TELL LIL MARGOT WHAT'S PERKIN' IN THE MASTER MIND!

AN **ORDINARY** GANG KILLING WOULDN'T FAZE A GUN MOLL... AND BLONDIE'S **TERRIFIED**... SOMETHING TIED IN WITH THOSE BITS OF EARTH HAVE HER HALF OUT OF HER WITS... **LISTEN!**

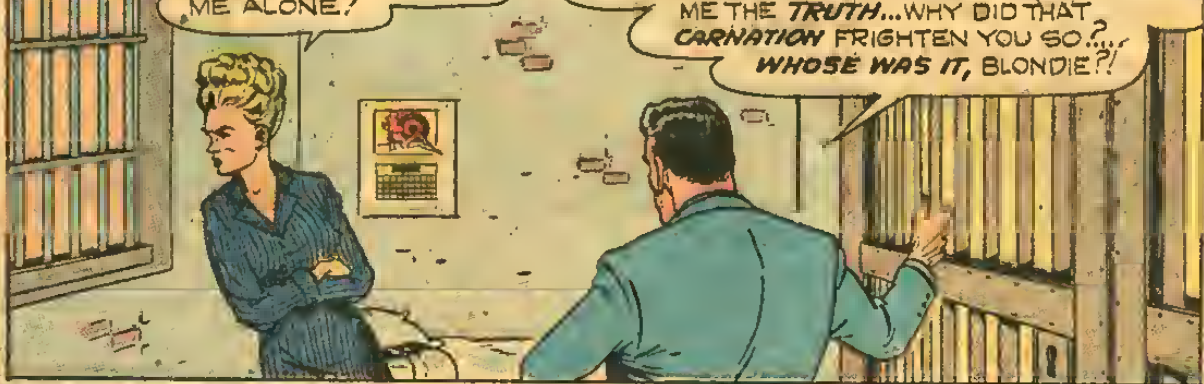
I'M GOING TO SEE HER... I'LL MEET YOU LATER...



LATER

I DIDN'T DO IT.... LEAVE ME ALONE!

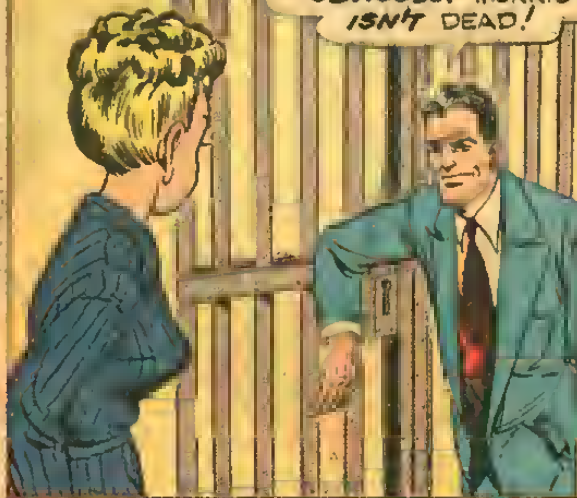
I CAN'T HELP YOU, BLONDIE, UNLESS YOU TELL ME THE **TRUTH**... WHY DID THAT **CARNATION** FRIGHTEN YOU SO?... **WHOSE WAS IT, BLONDIE?**



MORRIS'S... **ART MORRIS**... BUT HE'S **DEAD**! RYAN SHOT HIM 'N' BURIED HIM!... B.. BUT HE.. CAME... BACK!!

A **DEAD MAN** THE KILLER?!... NOW, BLONDIE, **OBVIOUSLY MORRIS ISN'T DEAD!**

**BUT HE IS... I KNOW**... HE DIDN'T HAVE HIS GLASSES ON AND HE COULDN'T SEE A FOOT WITHOUT THEM... YET HE SHOT RYAN THREE TIMES..... **IN THE DARK!**





THAT NIGHT.... THE PLACES YOU PICK  
TO ROMP IN AT NIGHT!... THE ANSWER  
TO THE PUZZLE MAY BE  
BURIED IN MORRIS'S GRAVE...  
HERE WE ARE!



CAN'T THIS WAIT UNTIL NO...I'M SURE THE **CARE-  
MORNING?**... **TAKER** WOULDN'T LIKE  
OUR SNOOPING AROUND!...  
LOOK!... ROUND PIECES OF **GLASS-  
LIKE SUBSTANCE**, HALF MOON IN  
SHAPE!



WELL...LET'S GET TO OUR DIGGING...



NO BODY, HMM?...LOOK LAMONT...THERE'S MORE  
OF THAT GLASS! NO...THIS IS **DIFFERENT**....  
THESE ARE PIECES OF **EYE  
GLASSES!**



THEN MORRIS **MUST** BE DEAD!...IF  
HIS GLASSES WERE IN THE GRAVE...

MAYBE...DOGGONE THIS FLASH-  
LIGHT...BATTERY'S DEAD...YOU  
WAIT HERE I'LL GET ANOTHER  
FROM THE CAR!...



OH GDSH...I HOPE HE HURRIES!... WHAT'RE YOU  
I'M S...SCARED...**EEOW!!** **DOIN' HERE,**  
**SISTER?! TALK!...**  
**'N' FAST!**





TALK, I SAID !!! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' HERE ?!

!...!...WE...EEEEK!!  
LAMONT!!...HEL....!!



YOU LITTLE ....!! SHUT UP!!.....  
SHUT....UP....!!...



THAT'LL KEEP YOU QUIET....NOW TO TOSS YOU INTO THE GRAVE....'N...OH!OH!...HERE COME TH' OTHER.....



MARGOT !... MARGOT!... WHAT'S THE ....  
UGH!!...



HUH !...NICE!... FELL RIGHT INTO TH' GRAVE HIMSELF... BETTER COVER 'EM UP....'N' SEE IF THEY CAN COME BACK FROM TH' GRAVE !...HEH!... HEH!... HEH!





THO'T I SEE A LIGHT 'ROUND HERE..  
**HOLY HANNAH!..THERE'S TWO**  
FOLKS HALF BURIED....  
MY...HEAD..  
**MARGOT!..**  
WHERE?....  
**HERE!...LEMME HELP**  
YE OUT MISTER!....  
YOU HURT?....



I..I'M ALRIGHT...  
HELP ME OUT.....  
**HERE!...UP YOU**  
COME!  
**SAY!...WHO**  
DUG UP THIS  
HERE GRAVE?



**WE DID!...AND GOT PUSHED**  
RIGHT INTO IT!



THAT'S AG'IN TH' LAW!...I'LL  
HAVE TO NOTIFY TH'  
**POLICE!!**  
YES!..THAT'S JUST  
WHO WE WANT TO  
SEE!**COME ON!**



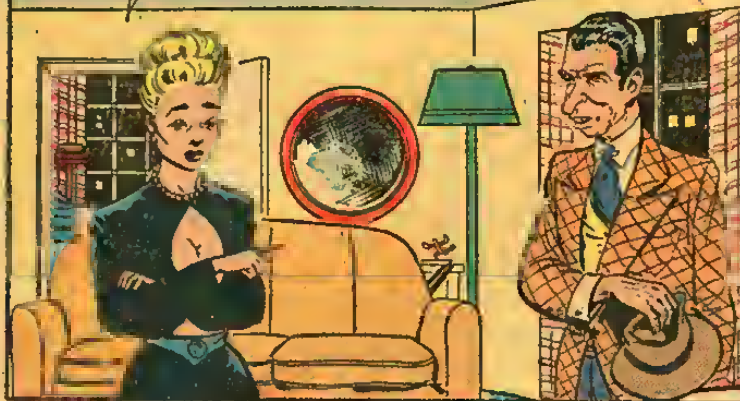
TWO HOURS LATER...  
COMMISSIONER  
WESTON WAS SO ANXIOUS TO GET RID  
OF US AT H.Q., THAT HE DIDN'T EVEN  
WANT TO SEE THAT GLASS STUFF  
YOU FOUND....**FIND**  
OUT WHAT IT IS?  
NOT YET...HAND ME  
THAT MALLET!...



**HARD AS NAIL'S** MARGOT, I THINK WE'RE  
**FINALLY** ON THE RIGHT TRACK...GET THE  
CAR OUT!...I'M GOING TO MAKE A **LONG**  
**DISTANCE PHONE CALL** AND THEN I'M  
GOING TO VISIT BLONDIE AGAIN... AS  
**THE SHADOW!**



HALF AN HOUR LATER AT BLONDIE'S HOME... I HEARD YOU WAS OUT ON BAIL, SO I CAME OVER...WHAT CHA SO SCARED ABOUT?  
 I...RIZZO, I SEEN TH' KILLER..... IT WAS ART MORRIS!...



MORRIS?... ARE YOU NUTS!?! HE'S DEAD 'N' BURIED.... AM I, RIZZO?...



N...NO!...MORRIS!!...YOU...YOU...MAYBE YOU'RE DEAD 'N' MAYBE NO BUT I'M GONNA MAKE SURE THIS TIME! HEH! HEH!!... YOU CAN'T KILL ME.. I'M DEAD...REMEMBER?



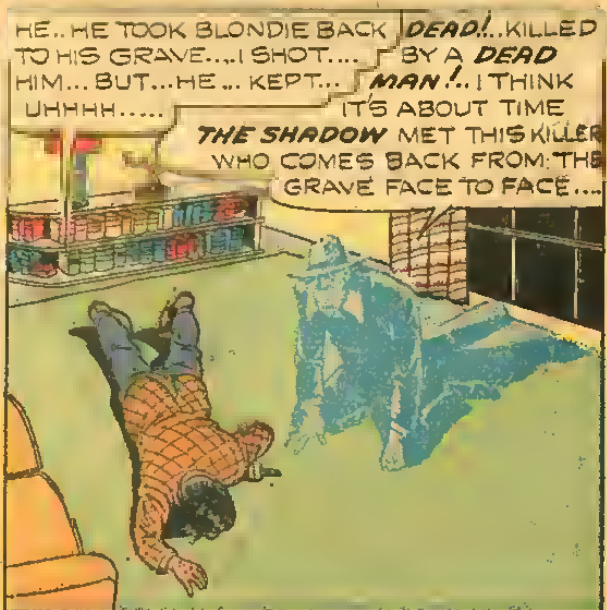
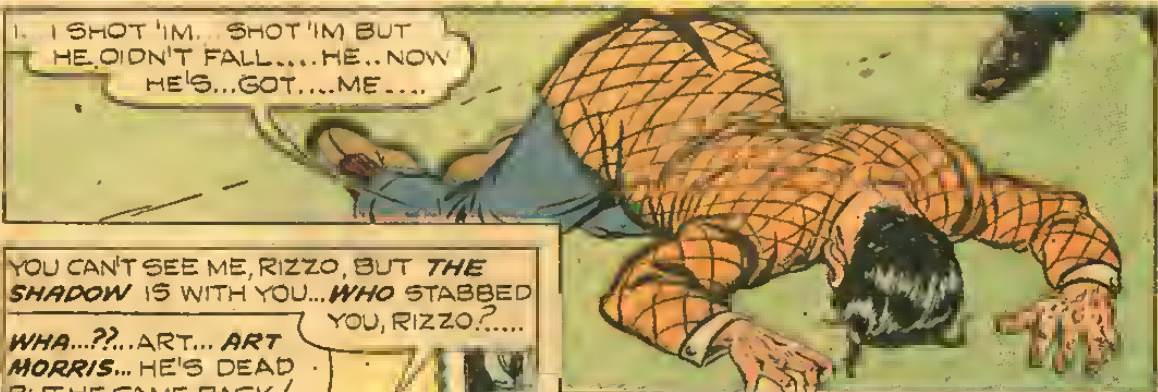
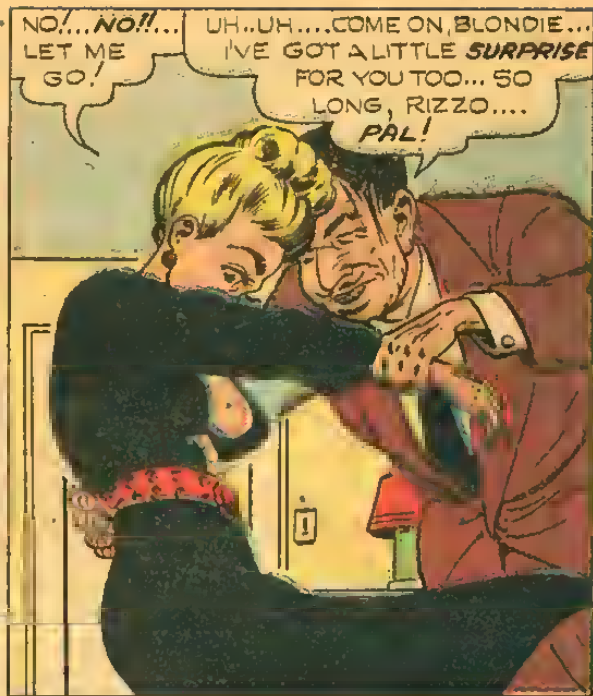
'N' I GOT SOMETHIN' FOR YOU, RIZZO!...TH CARNATION YOU GAVE ME...HERE! LEMME STAY AWAY!...BLAST YOU!!...STAY AWAY!! PIN IT ON!



YOUR BULLETS CAN'T HURT ME!...NOW LET ME PIN ON THIS CARNATION... PIN IT TO YOUR HEART!









MEANWHILE AT THE CEMETERY.....

WHAT'RE YA GONNA DO ART?!! I DIDN'T

**DOUBLE CROSS**  
YOU... **HONEST!!**



YOU PLANNED IT ALL DIDN'T YOU?..WELL I'M

GOIN' TO PAY YOU BACK... **OH NO!!...** I WON'T

**KILL YOU...UH!UH!... I'M**

**NO!!...NO!!...**  
YOU'RE... **JOKING!!**

**GOIN' TO BURY YOU..**  
**ALIVE!!...**



I WANT YOU ALIVE SO,  
YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IT'S  
LIKE TO BE **BURIED**  
**ALIVE!!**

JUST LIKE **YOU**  
KNOW, MORRIS?



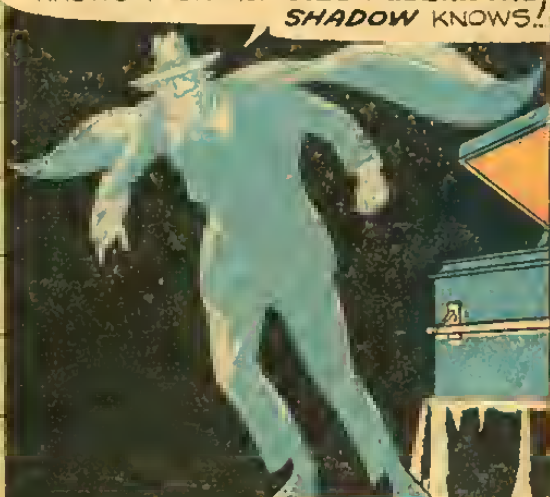
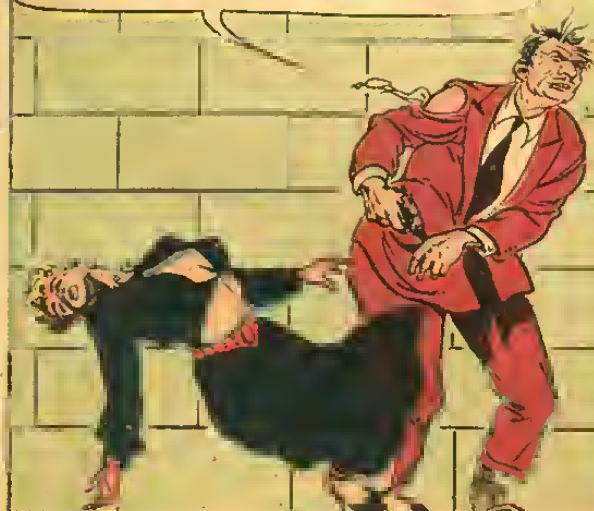
YOU WON'T...!!...LET  
ME GO!!... LET  
ME... **UGH!**

**STUPID SKIRT!!**  
DON'T **MAKE ME**  
**KILL YOU !!**



**WHA?... WHO...WHO SAID THAT?!...**

**THE SHADOW, MORRIS...THE SHADOW**  
KNOWS YOUR ACHILLES' HEEL.... **THE**  
**SHADOW KNOWS!!**





YOU KNOW TOO MUCH!...MAYBE YOU CAN'T BE SEEN...BUT A SLUG'LL KILL YOU AS DEAD AS ANYBODY...N' I'LL KEEP PUMPIN' LEAD UNTIL I FIND YOU!...

YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE HERE, MORRIS!



NOT THERE, EH?... HOW ABOUT *HERE!*?...NO?...



WELL MAYBE *THERE!...*OR *HERE!...*OR *HERE!!*



OR... *WHAT TH...?!!*... OUT OF AMMUNITION, MORRIS?... THAT JUST ABOUT WRITES FINIS, EH?...



I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!... I'M.... *OOF!...*



NOT YET, MORRIS!...







COMMISSIONER!...LOOK!

WELL I'll ..... **ART MORRIS 'N' BLONDIE...OUT LIKE LIGHTS!...HUH!...**

YOU'RE OKAY NOW, BLONDIE.. M..MORRIS... NOW GIVE!!

KILLED RYAN AND RIZZO...  
HE WAS GOING TO KILL ME....  
HE CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD TO....

NO...HE DIDN'T!...HE WAS **NEVER DEAD**,  
BLONDIE...SEE! HE HAD ON  
A NEW-FANGLED **BULLET PROOF VEST!**

WESTON! MARGOT,  
THANK HEAVEN...**WHA? WHO'S HE?!**

JUST THE KILLER, CRANSTON!...**HUH!...** JUST AS I TOLD YOU...A RUN OF TH' MILL GANG KILLING...AND THE ONLY WAY TO SOLVE A CRIME LIKE **THIS IS ORDINARY POLICE PROCEDURE!**

**YES SIR!.. WE SURE WRAPPED THIS ONE UP, EH, CRANSTON!?**

Y...YEAH... **YOU SURE DID, COMMISSIONER!...**



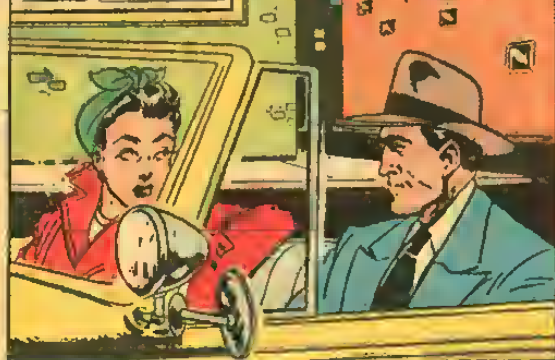
ALRIGHT, SONNY BOY... STOP LOOKING SO SMUG AND TELL ALL!...

WELL... THAT LONG DISTANCE CALL I MADE WAS TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT AND THEY TOLD ME THERE WAS A BULLET-PROOF PLASTIC VEST!

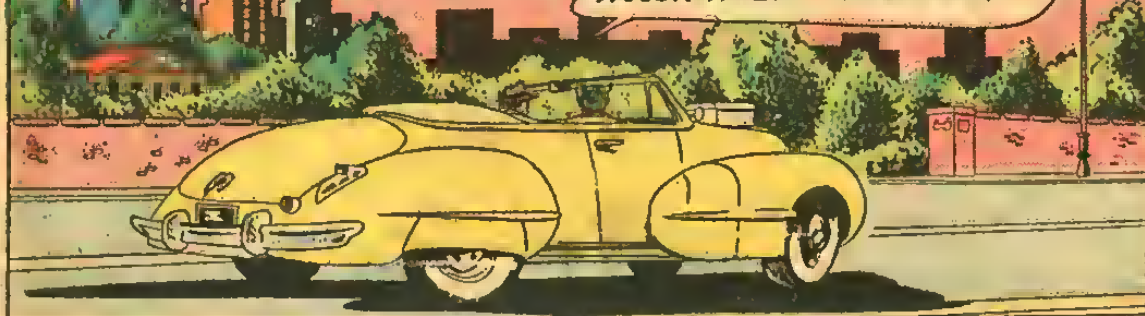
JUST LIKE THOSE PIECES WE FOUND?...

YES!... AND THOSE EYE GLASS PIECES WE PUT TOGETHER IN THE LAB WERE LENSES WORN BY SOMEONE EXTREMELY FAR SIGHTED....

COMING SOON



THE EYES OF FAR-SIGHTED PEOPLE ADMIT TOO MUCH LIGHT FOR NORMAL VISION.... SO WHEN THE LIGHT IS CUT OFF... WHEN THEY'RE IN THE DARK... THEY'RE ABLE TO SEE SURPRISINGLY WELL! AND THAT'S WHY MORRIS SHOT SO ACCURATELY IN THE DARK!



YOU MEAN IF MORRIS HAD BEEN WEARING HIS GLASSES HE COULDN'T HAVE SEEN ANY BETTER IN THE DARK THAN YOU AND I?

EXACTLY! BUT

WITHOUT HIS GLASSES

HIS FAR-SIGHTEDNESS ALLOWED HIM TO SEE EXTREMELY WELL!... IT

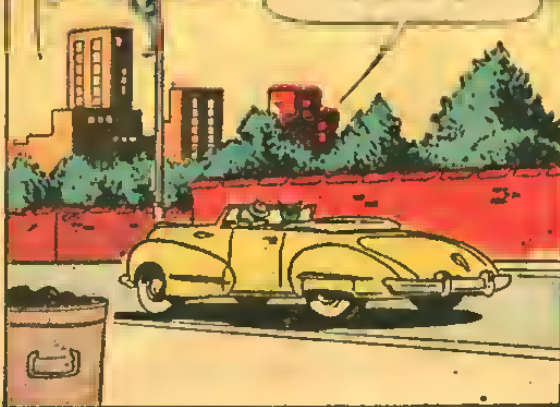
GAVE HIM A SORT OF NIGHT VISION!

AND THE COMMISSIONER SAID ALL IT TOOK WAS ORDINARY POLICE PROCEEDURE TO SOLVE A RUN OF THE MILL GANG KILLING!

THAT'S ALL THAT

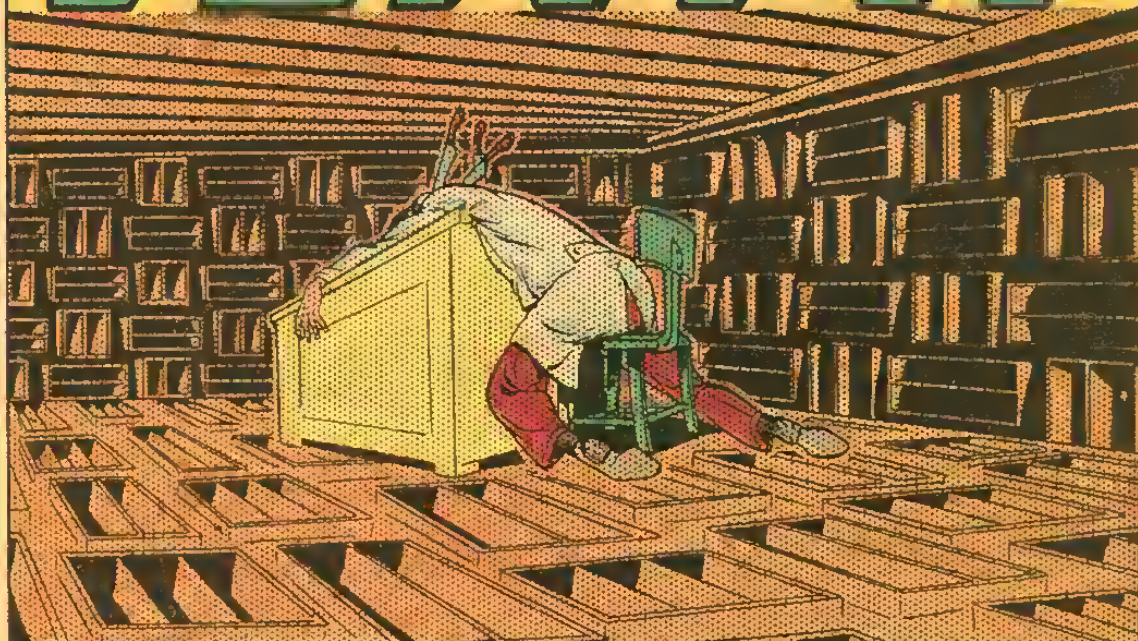
WOULD HAVE BEEN

NECESSARY, MARGOT, IF ONE OF THE GANG HADN'T COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE!!...





# NICK CARTER SOUNDLESS DEATH



ALONE...INSIDE A ROOM WHICH SCIENCE HAD MADE SOUNDLESS, A VICTIM FELL PREY TO DEATH BY STABBING.....HOW COULD DEATH HAVE ENTERED THROUGH SOLID WALLS?... THAT WAS NICK'S PROBLEM.....



ALMA MATER.....

IT'S BEEN *700 LONG*  
SINCE YOU'VE *VISITED*  
US, MR. CARTER!!

IT'S NICE TO BE BACK,  
DR. FAULKNER!!



YOU'LL BE INTERESTED IN OUR **SOUNDLESS ROOM**... AS YOU MAJORED IN **PSYCHOLOGY**! A ROOM WHERE THERE IS **NO SOUND**? THAT **SHOULD** BE STRANGE!



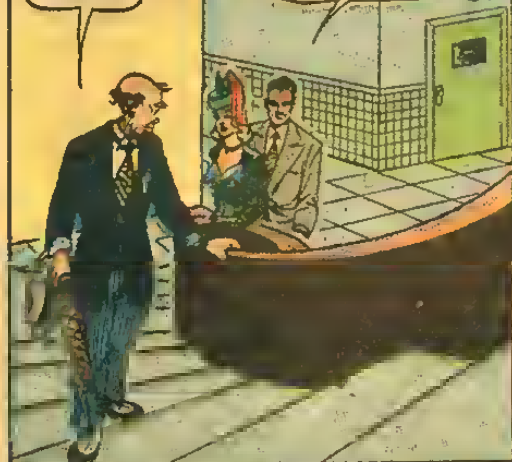
DR. POKEY IS ONE OF THE GRADUATE STUDENTS!! NOT MUCH TO TELL, TELL THEM ABOUT THE ROOM, DOCTOR!  
YOU CAN HEAR HOW MY VOICE DIES AWAY AS IT LEAVES MY LIPS! THE **BAFFLES** TAKE CARE OF THAT! THE FLOOR IS **SUSPENDED** SO NO **VIBRATION** REACHES IN HERE!!



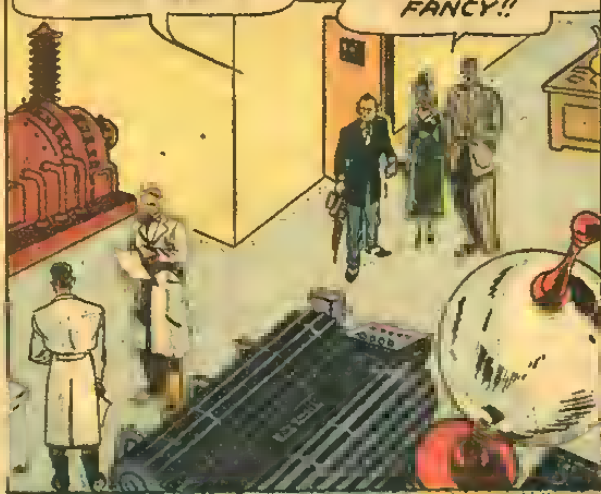
WHAT AN EERIE SENSATION, ALL **VERY STRANGE!** YOU CAN HEAR IS THE PULSE **WHAT NEXT** IN YOUR EARS!! **DR. FAULKNER?**



ON THE FLOOR ABOVE THE SOUNDLESS ROOM THERE'S A **TESTING LAB** THAT MAY INTEREST YOU!! THIS IS ALL NEW SINCE MY TIME!!



THAT'S A HUGE **ELECTRO-MAGNET** THAT WE ARE USING IN PHYSICS, OVER THERE IS THE BEGINNING OF A **CYCLOTRON**!!



**TUNE IN**  
EACH WEEK TO **NICK CARTER**  
OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

EVERYTHING EMANATES FROM THIS BOARD!  
**ONE PERSON CAN OPERATE  
THE WHOLE SET!!.....**  
YES, DARREN?

ER....CAN I  
SPEAK TO YOU,  
SIR?

I JUST FOUND HIM, SIR....HE'S IN THE  
SOUNDLESS ROOM...  
**DEAD! HE'S BEEN  
STABBED!!**

WOULDN'T YOU JUST  
KNOW THAT NICK  
CARTER WOULD FIND  
A MURDER EVEN ON A  
CAMPUS!!

ANYONE AROUND, DARREN?  
ONLY **ME!** I WENT IN  
TO TRY AND SPEAK  
SENSE TO POKEY AND  
THERE HE WAS....  
**STABBED!!**

PORTER, HAS ANYONE COME IN OR  
OUT OF THIS ROOM SINCE  
WE LEFT?

JUST MR. DARREN,  
SIR!!

NO...NO...I **DIDN'T KILL  
HIM! I SWEAR IT!!**

**SUNDAY EVENING**  
6:30 P.M. EST.

— sponsored by

**OLD DUTCH  
CLEANSER**





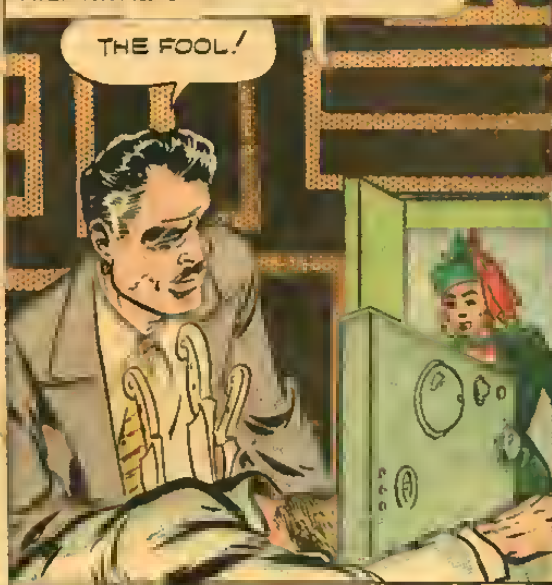
PATSY, DON'T COME  
IN HERE!!

DON'T WORRY,  
I WON'T!!



NICK!...HE'S RUNNING AWAY!!

THE FOOL!



WHERE'D HE GO?

OUT THAT  
WINDOW!!



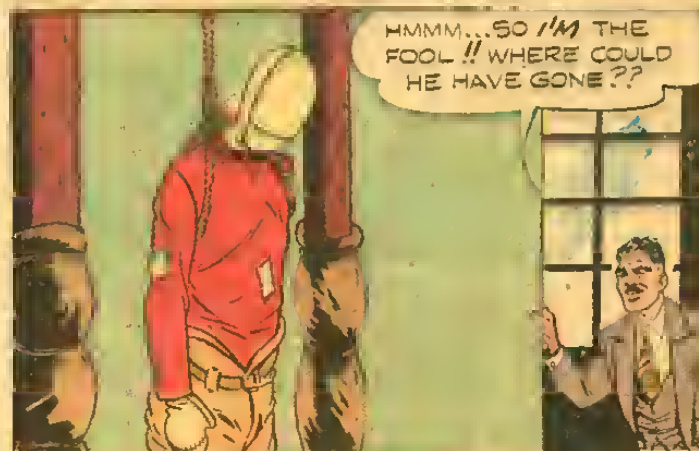
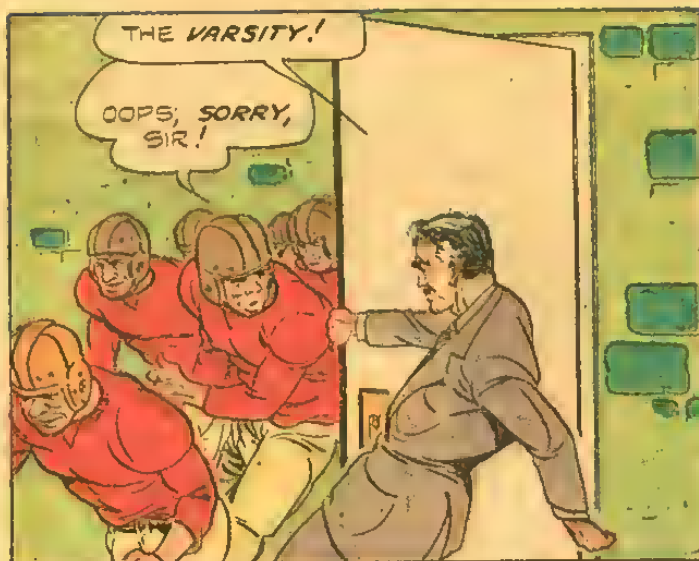
DARREN!...COME BACK  
HERE!!

NOT ME!



I CAN HEAD HIM OFF IN THAT  
BUILDING!...HE CAN'T BE MORE  
THAN TWENTY FEET  
AHEAD!!





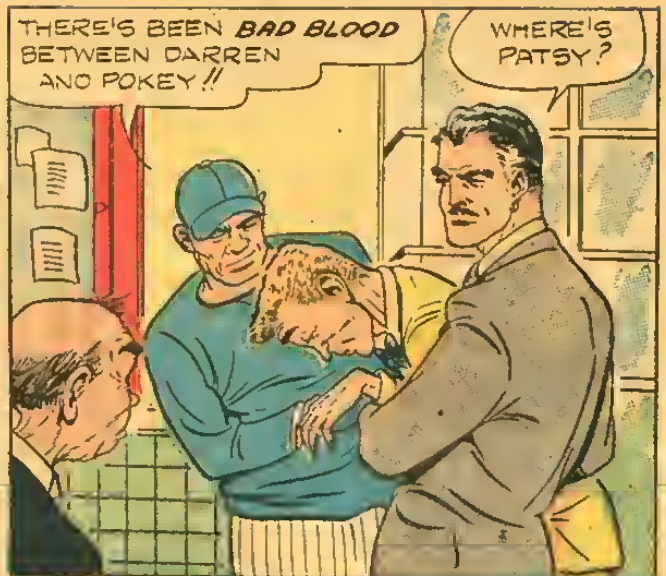






MURDER?!

YES, A **DR. POKEY** WAS FOUND **DEAD** IN THE **SOUNDLESS ROOM**!!

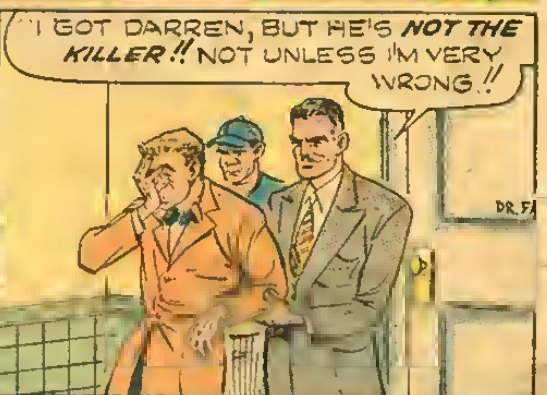


THERE'S BEEN **BAD BLOOD** BETWEEN **DARREN** AND **POKEY**!!

WHERE'S **PATSY**?



SHE'LL BE RIGHT BACK!!...SO YOU GOT THE **KILLER**!!



I GOT **DARREN**, BUT HE'S **NOT THE KILLER**!! NOT UNLESS I'M VERY WRONG!!

DR. F



WERE THERE ANY FINGERPRINTS ON THE **KNIVES**?

NOT A SPECK OF ONE...YOU KNOW SOMETHING FUNNY, MR. CARTER, THESE **KNIVES ARE THROWING KNIVES**!!



OH, NICK, I WENT TO GET THIS TO THROW OVER... OVER... THE... OVER THE YOU KNOW!!

UM...GO AHEAD!!... **THROWING KNIVES!** THAT'S WHAT I **THOUGHT** WHEN I LOOKED AT THEM... THE OTHER CLUE IS THAT THERE ARE THREE OF THEM!! THAT SHOULD TELL US THE **KILLER**!!

BUT **DARREN** WAS IN HERE... AND **ONLY HE** WAS IN HERE!!



THE KILLER WAS *NEVER IN THE ROOM!*  
ONLY THE KILLER'S ACCOMPLICE! AND  
BUT THAT'S THE ACCOMPLICE WAS ABLE  
*IMPOSSIBLE!* TO KILL THROUGH SOLID  
NO ONE CAN KILL THROUGH WALLS!!



NO!! IF THE KILLER HAD BEEN IN THIS ROOM  
THERE WOULD ONLY HAVE BEEN *ONE*  
*KNIFE* IN THE DEAD MAN, NOT THREE!  
THE KILLER USED THREE BECAUSE HE  
COULDN'T BE SURE THAT *ONE* WOULD  
DO THE JOB!! THE KILLING WAS DONE  
RIGHT IN FRONT OF ME, BY  
*DR FAULKNER!!*

THIS ACCOMPLICE COULD...THE NAME OF  
THE ACCOMPLICE IS *GRAVITY!!*  
YOU NEVER THOUGHT I WAS  
GUILTY?



DR. FAULKNER??



BUT DR. FAULKNER WAS WITH  
US ALL THE TIME!! OH!!  
LOOK OUT!!... SURE!!  
AND THE KNIVES WERE  
UP ON THE CEILING...  
HELD THERE BY THE PULL OF THE  
ELECTRO-MAGNET UPSTAIRS,  
DIRECTLY OVER-HEAD!!

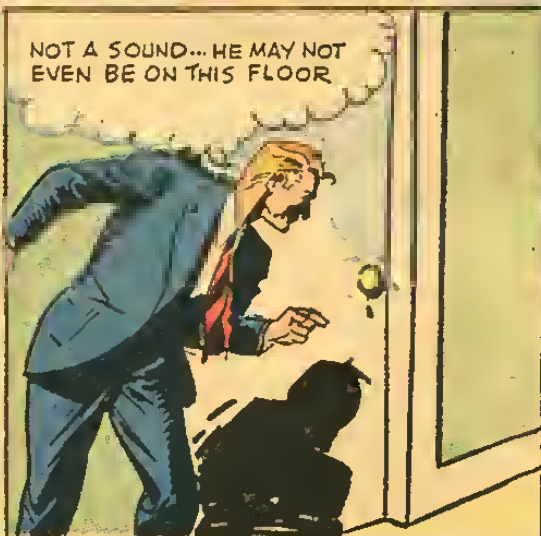
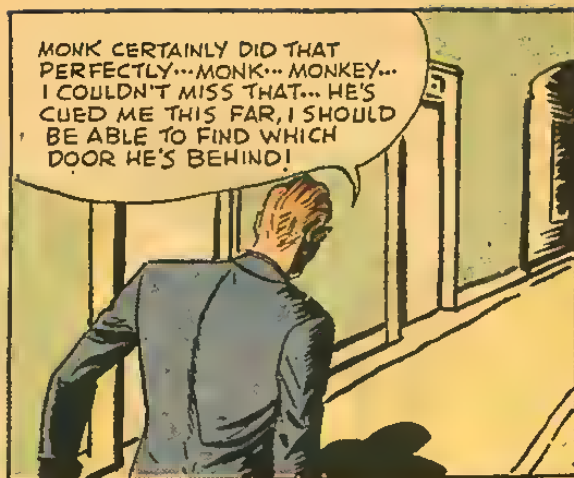
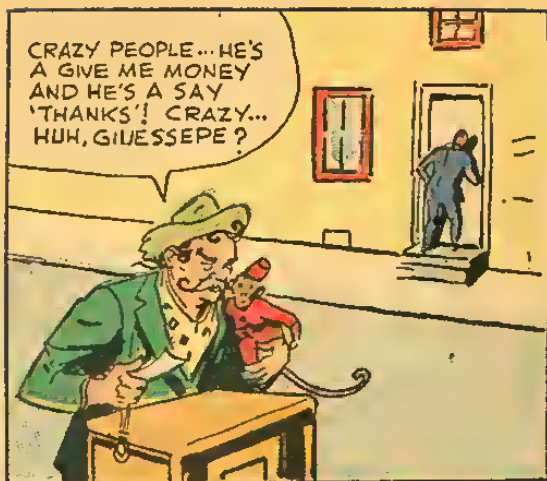


HE PULLED THE *SWITCH*  
IN FRONT OF US....  
THAT LET THE THROWING  
KNIVES DROP ON DR.  
POKEY AND KILL  
HIM!!

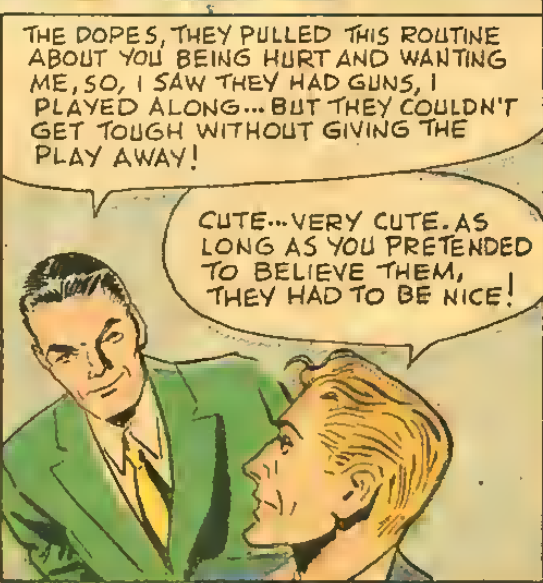
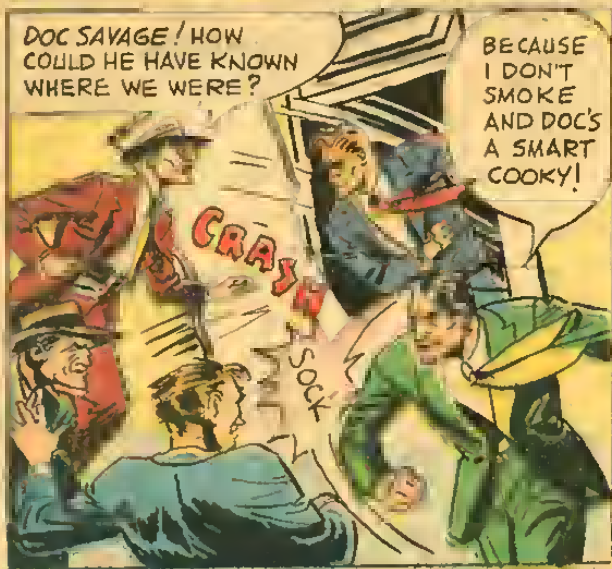
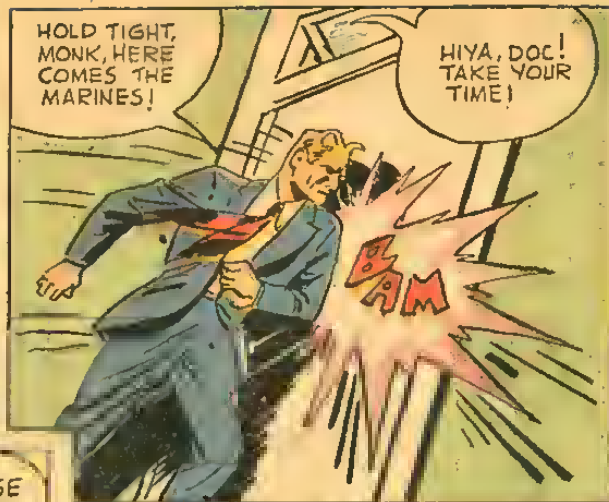
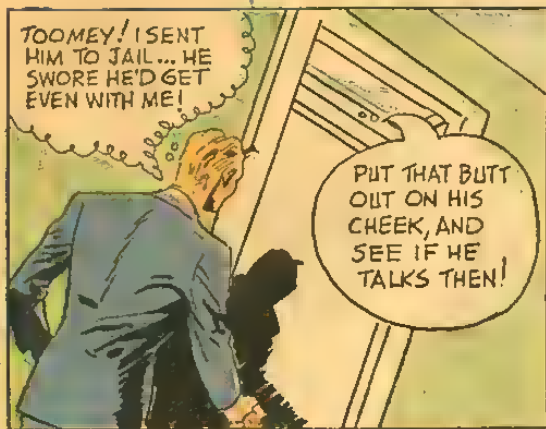
RIGHT!... I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT THE  
MOTIVE IS, BUT  
THAT'LL COME OUT  
AT THE TRIAL!



NICK WAS RIGHT!...AT THE TRIAL THEY PROVED THAT DR. POKEY WAS TRYING  
TO GET DR. FAULKNER'S JOB ..... DR FAULKNER WAS HANGED.....







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# SHADOW COMICS



# INNER CIRCLE



## "MASS MURDER!"

NEVER before had the meeting of the Inner Circle been so delayed. After ten minutes Beef returned with a newspaper under his arm. He said, "Get this! 'Mass Murders In Tenement Rooming House!'"

Beef cleared his throat. "Sure enough, Nick and Chick are helping the police . . . gee." He put the paper down. "What a case. Everyone thought that there had been a wave of suicides in a rooming house till Nick Carter arrived!"

"Umm . . ." Beef said, "On the surface it looked simple. Three poor old men who lived in a tumble down old boarding house went to bed last night. This morning when the maid went around to make the beds she smelled gas. She opened the first door on the second floor and a wave of gas came out at her. The window was closed and locked and so was the door. The old man who had lived in the room for the past ten years was very dead!"

"That wasn't bad enough but after she called the police they found that two other men on the same floor were dead . . . they too had their doors and windows locked on account of it was such a cold night last night."

The member who had been reading the paper said, "Don't forget the police thought it was suicide."

"That's right," Beef agreed. "They took it for granted that by some freak of chance three different men had all decided to do the Dutch in one night. Nick, when he got there, said that the odds were too high against such a thing. He didn't feel it could happen."

"So the cops said if it wasn't suicide, how could it have been murder and why were all three men killed? And who would want to

kill three poor old men."

"How could the gas be turned on in three rooms after three men went to sleep? With the doors and windows all locked on the inside. It's impossible. Nick must be wrong for once!" Beef said unwillingly.

"Really?" Nick Carter's amused voice broke in.

All the members turned in their seats and saw Nick and Chick come in.

Nick said, "Sorry to be late, but as Beef has just pointed out this was quite a puzzle we just tackled."

"The motive got cleared up first," Chick said, "There was a fourth person on the deadly floor. That fourth person was unharmed by the gas. That seemed odd."

"Very," Nick agreed. "What seemed even odder was that the fourth man was very well dressed. It seemed all wrong in such a poor rooming house. But the housing shortage might have explained it if Chick hadn't recognized him!"

"That was just a fluke," Chick said. "I happened to have seen a detective magazine with this guy's picture in it. The magazine said he was wanted out in the middle west for a bank hold up."

"If Chick recognized the man," Nick went on, "I could see how one of the three dead men might have. And if one old man spotted him, he might have passed his information on to the others."

"As it turned out that was the way it was," Chick said. "One old man was an inveterate detective story reader. We found a big pile of magazines in his room. One of them had this bandit's picture in it."

"Gee," Beef said, "he killed three men just so they wouldn't turn him over to the police?"

Nick nodded. "Horrible as it may seem that was the case."

"He was really a nasty piece of work," Chick said. "He tried pretty hard to get away. Funny he bluffed right up to the end. He almost had me convinced I was wrong. He gave us a song and dance about his never having been out of this state."

Laughing, Nick said, "Your face was a pretty sight. I could see that you were wavering."

"After all, I had only seen his face in a picture and I could have been wrong . . ."

"When I saw you hesitating I decided the time had come to try and bluff our bandit," Nick said.

"It was a fine bluff," Chick smiled.

"Only because it worked." Nick turned to the members and said, "When I saw the way the wind was blowing I spoke to one of the policemen and told him to put the cuffs on the hold up man. I said I knew exactly how the three men had been murdered in their beds."

"Did you?" Beef asked.

Nick shook his head. "I had an idea and that was what I bluffed him with. I said," Nick turned to Chick, "How did I word it?"

"You said something about lungs . . . something about how strong some people's breath can be. I thought you meant garlic or halitosis. I couldn't figure out what you meant at all. But the bandit did. That was when he tried to make a break for it."

"He almost made it at that. If you hadn't tripped him at the door . . ."

Chick shrugged and said quickly, "Oh they would have caught him on the street anyway."

"I'm not too sure of that. But . . . all's well that ends well. Chick tripped him and he fell. Once he was down he was handcuffed and the case was over. His response to my bluff had proved that my wild guess was right."

"What in the world," Beef asked, "has a

strong breath got to do with the death of three men? All right, I see that he killed them to preserve his hide out, figuring that he could bluff his way from there. But how was the thing done?"

"First," Nick said, "I must confess I was fooled. You see the gas that killed each of the men came from gas heaters that they all had in their rooms."

"The problem seemed to be, how could the gas jets in each of these rooms have been turned on without disturbing the locked doors and windows?"

"What was the problem really, Mr. Carter?" Beef asked, voicing the question that was uppermost in all the members' minds.

"How to extinguish the flames in the gas heaters!" Nick said.

"But that's just as hard!" Beef said.

"It seems just as hard, but it isn't," Nick said. "To turn on the gas jets, would have been impossible unless the killer could have walked through solid walls!"

"To turn the flames off all he needed was a strong breath!"

Chick, looking at the puzzled faces of the members of the Inner Circle, said, laughing, "They don't get it any more than I did, dad!"

"All the gas heaters on the second floor where the men were killed came off the same gas pipe. All the killer did was turn his gas heater on, disconnect the heater from the gas pipe and blow into the pipe!"

The members looked, if anything even more puzzled. Beef said, "But what would that do, Mr. Carter?"

"I don't suppose you realize it, but gas that is used for cooking or heating is under very low pressure. Not more than three or four pounds," Nick said. "Because of this low pressure, all the killer did was blow into his pipe at a higher pressure, let's say five pounds. That blew out the flame of the heaters on that one pipe."

"All he did after that was turn off the gas in his own room and wait for the deadly gas to creep out of the unlit heaters in the rooms!"



# WHEN A BULL HORNED IN ON A WINNING STREAK

*A TRUE SPORT STORY AS TOLD BY JOE RUDDY,  
ONE OF THE PLAYERS, TO CLEM BODDINGTON*



"IN 1897 AND '98 THE FOOTBALL ELEVEN OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER PREP SCHOOL WAS THE UNDEFEATED BOYS TEAM OF N.Y. CITY. OUR COACH WAS HUGH DRUM, LATER A FAMOUS OFFICER IN WORLD WARS I AND II. I WAS STRONG, AND PLAYED LEFT TACKLE.



"OUR RIGHT HALF BACK WAS A WIRY KID WHO WAS USUALLY GOOD FOR FIVE YARDS THRU SCRIMMAGE WE CALLED HIM 'FIVE YARDS' JIMMY...

"WE WERE INVITED TO PLAY A GAME WITH THE ROBERT DAVIS ASS'N. TEAM IN WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY WE FERRIED OVER.

*Clem Boddington*

TWE-E-ET!

LOOKS AS IF WE'VE GOT 'EM!

THEN...

THE PROMOTER ANNOUNCED A SPECIAL ATTRACTION...

THOSE N.Y. KIDS ARE TOO GOOD.

LADEEZ'N GENTS, SENOR NEROMUS, THE CELEBRATED SPANISH BULL FIGHTER, WILL NOW WRESTLE AND PIN A WILD BULL!

"AT THE END OF THE FIRST HALF, WE WERE AHEAD, 16 TO 0."

AMIGO!

- E-E-E-O-W-W!

"I WAS FASCINATED BY SENOR NEROMUS' PINK TIGHTS AS HE WENT TO OPEN THE CAGE DOOR..."

"BUT EL TORO IGNORED THE SENOR AND MADE A DASH FOR THE FOOTBALL PLAYERS. YOU NEVER SAW SUCH BROKEN FIELD RUNNING."

WHERE'S OUR GUARANTEE? ANYBODY SEEN THE PROMOTER?

TH' LAST TIME I SAW HIM HE WAS RUNNING OFF THE FIELD

WONDER IF THE TOREADOR WAS PAID?

WISH I HAD THAT SMART PROMOTER!

SOME KIDS JUST THINK OF PLAYING ALL THE TIME

"BY THE TIME THE BULL WAS AGAIN CAGED, WE LEARNED THAT THE PROMOTER HAD BEAT IT, TOO, ...BUT WITH THE GATE RECEIPTS!

"WE HAD JUST ENOUGH MONEY TO FERRY BACK TO N.Y. CITY AND WALK HOME. 'FIVE YARD' JIMMY WAS AMUSED, BUT THE LATE MAYOR JIMMY WALKER, OF N.Y.C. ALWAYS DID HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR."

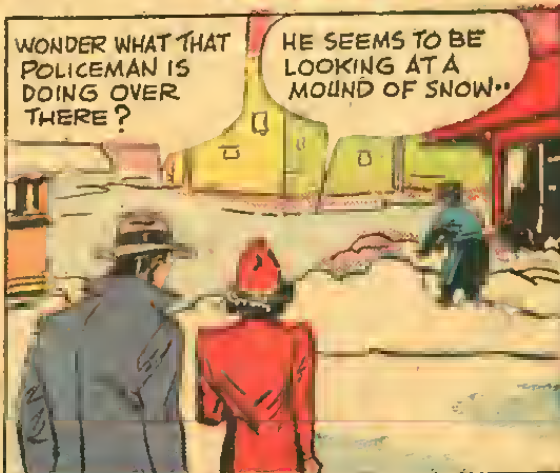
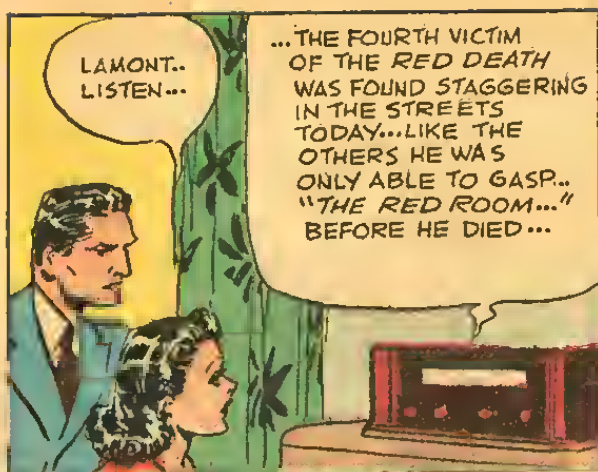


# The SHADOW

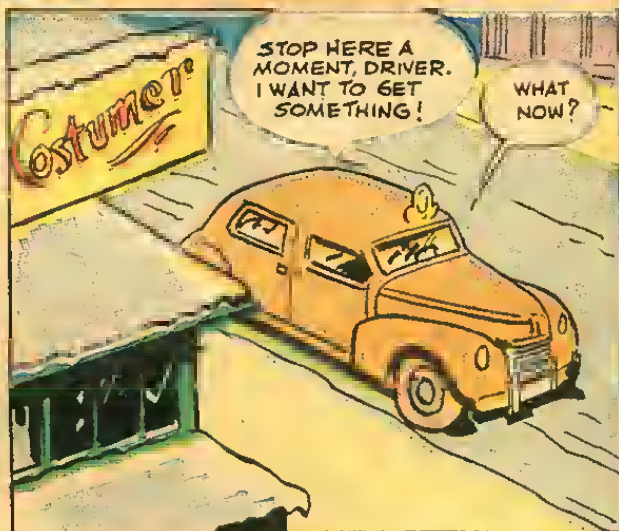
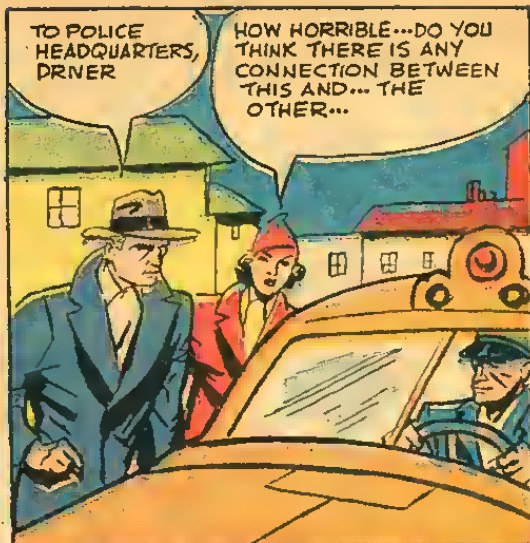
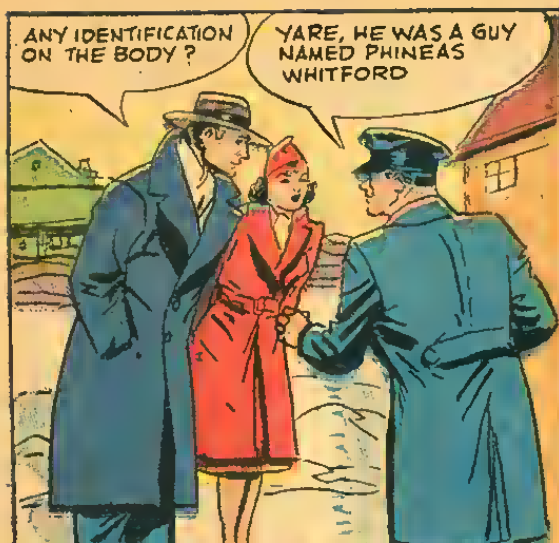
## The Red Death

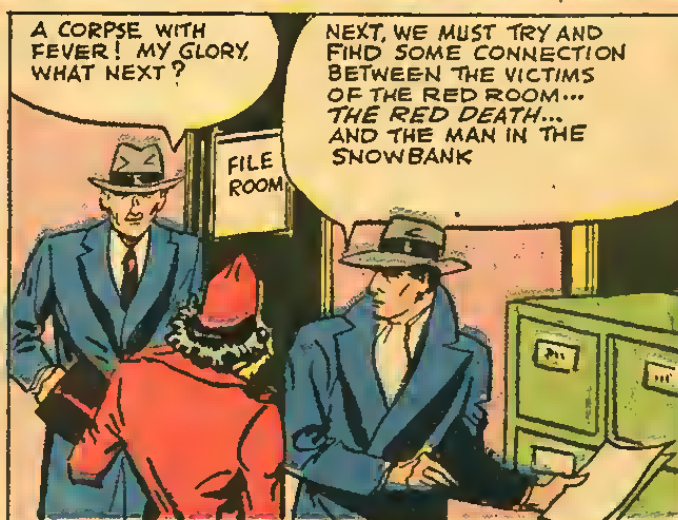
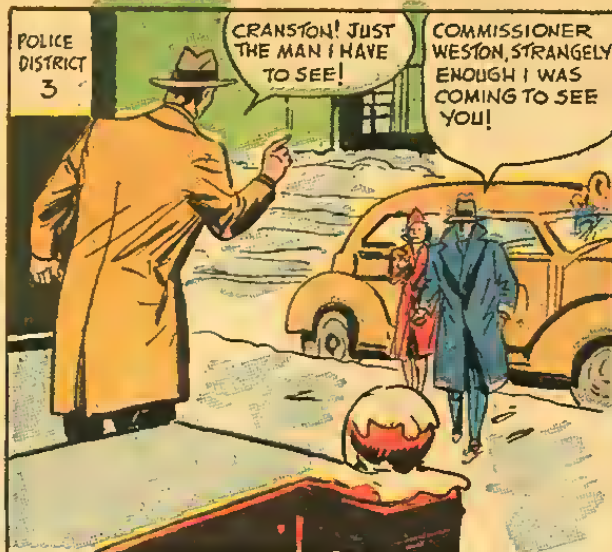


**M**ORE HORRIBLE THAN ANY CASE THAT THE SHADOW HAS EVER INVESTIGATED IS THE HORRID TALE OF THE BURNING CORPSES... WAS THE WARM CADAVER CONNECTED WITH THE MADMEN WHO WHISPERED..."THE RED DEATH" BEFORE THEY DIED? THAT WAS THE SHADOW'S PROBLEM UNTIL MARGO FELL PREY TO THE RED DEATH....

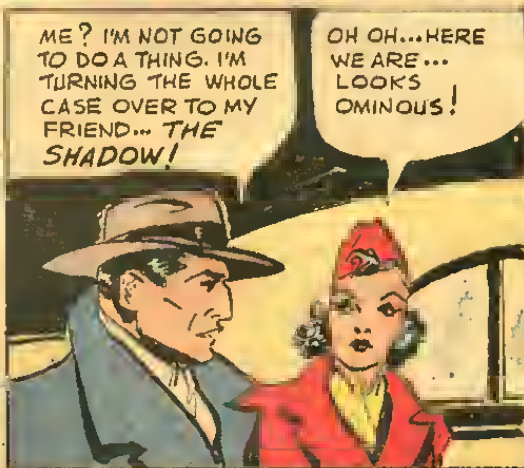












BUT IT'S AN EERY FIGURE OF THE NIGHT  
THAT VAULTS UP ON TOP OF THE WALL!



BUT IN A ROOM AT THE TOP OF THE OLD HOUSE...

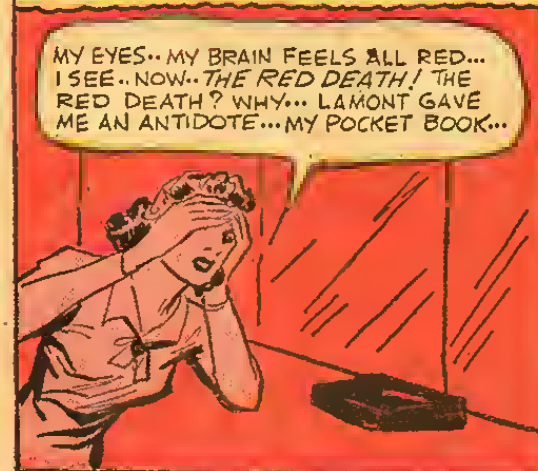






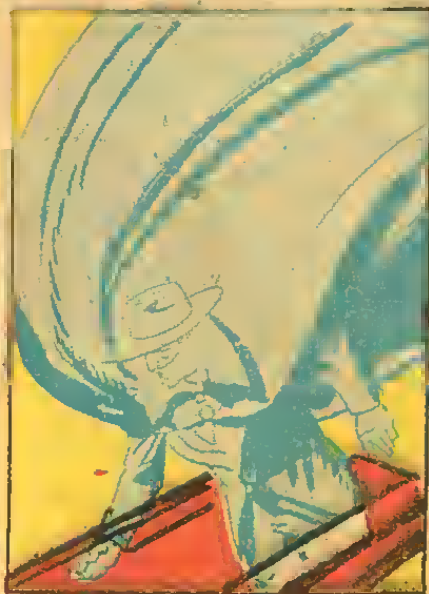
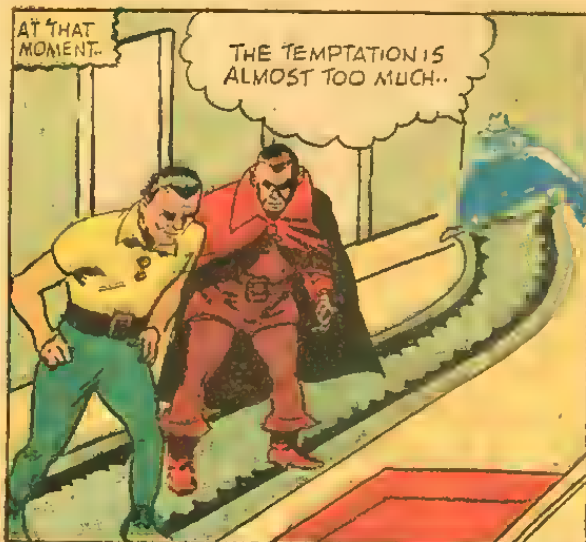


THE UNENDING RED...THE CRIMSON REPEATED WITH EYE SEARING INTENSITY SOON BLASTS INTO MARGO'S EYES...















THE TRAP DOOR SNAPS SHUT! MELEK COWERS IN FEAR AS VOICES ECHO...





UPSTAIRS...

IT SERVES ME RIGHT, I SHOULD HAVE LIQUIDATED EVERYTHING WEEKS AGO, I HAVE ALL THE MONEY THOSE FOOLS GAVE ME WITH THEIR DEATHS...



THAT WILL SET THE TIME CLOCK GOING. NOW, I HAVE THIRTY MINUTES TO CLEAR OUT OF HERE. ALL WILL DIE, MY ASSISTANTS... ALL THE EVIDENCE... THE RED ROOMS... THE RED DEATH...



BUT...

MARGO, WAIT... SOMETHING'S HAPPENING HERE...

THAT ROPE! IT TIGHTENED...



WOW! A TIME CLOCK!

TO SET OFF DYNAMITE! HE'S TAKING NO CHANCE OF THERE BEING ANY EVIDENCE!



THAT WILL PUT A CRIMP IN HIS PLANS!

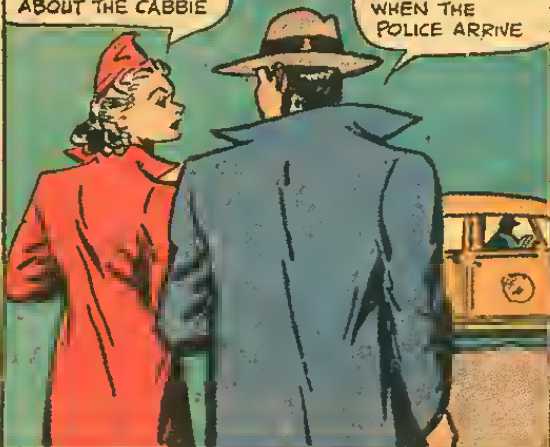
YES... IF I'M RIGHT, I THINK OUR WORK IS ENDED. OUTSIDE... CALL THE POLICE...



SOMEPLACE BETWEEN THE TUNNEL AND THE STREET, THE SHADOW VANISHES... LAMONT CRANSTON JOINS MARGO...

I FORGOT ALL ABOUT THE CABBIE

WE'LL GET HIM WHEN THE POLICE ARRIVE



LEAVING ALL BEHIND BUT THE LOOT...

I'M GOING ON A SHORT TRIP. YOU TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING, MELEK

YES, MASTER!

THAT WAS CUTTING IT PRETTY CLOSE. ANOTHER THREE MINUTES AND THE HOUSE GOES UP. I WILL BE IN THE CLEAR

GOING SOME-PLACE?

FOOLS... IN TWO MORE MINUTES THERE WILL BE NO EVIDENCE. I'D BETTER BLUFF..

TIRED OF YOUR RACKET? NO MORE MAKING FOOLS OF MEN WITH DEVIL WORSHIP... AND THEN GETTING THEM TO WILL THEIR MONEY TO YOU?

YOUR RACKET IS ENDED. NO MORE PUTTING FOOLS INTO THAT HORRIBLE RED ROOM TILL THEIR BRAINS REEL... AND THEN INJECTING THEM...

THIRTY SECONDS MORE...

INJECTED THEM WITH WHAT, LAMONT?

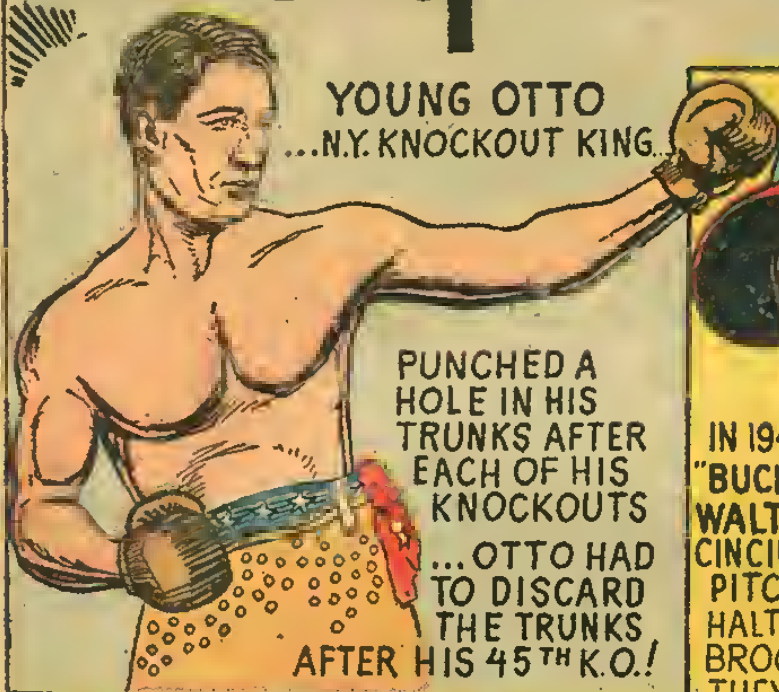
THE ONLY THING THAT CAN GIVE A CORPSE A FEVER... TRINITROTUOLENE... T.N.T. IT USED TO BE GIVEN FOR WEIGHT REDUCTION... IT BURNS THE FLESH OFF... EVEN AFTER DEATH... IT KEEPS BURNING..

THE HOUSE IS NOT GOING TO EXPLODE! WHEN YOUR HELPERS FIND OUT THAT YOU LEFT THEM TO THEIR DEATHS... THEY WILL GIVE US ALL THE EVIDENCE WE NEED!

THE FIEND! HE PUT THEM IN THAT RED ROOM TILL THEY WERE ALMOST MAD THEN INJECTED THEM WITH T.N.T. AND TURNED THEM OUT TO DIE... WELL.. HE'LL HAVE A HOT DEATH, TOO... IN THE CHAIR!



# Oddly Enough...



**YOUNG OTTO**  
...N.Y. KNOCKOUT KING...

PUNCHED A  
HOLE IN HIS  
TRUNKS AFTER  
EACH OF HIS  
KNOCKOUTS  
...OTTO HAD  
TO DISCARD  
THE TRUNKS  
AFTER HIS 45<sup>TH</sup> K.O.!



IN 1940  
"BUCKY"  
WALTERS,  
CINCINNATI  
PITCHER,  
HALTED THE  
BROOKLYN DODGERS AFTER  
THEY HAD WON 9 STRAIGHT  
GAMES... AND EXACTLY 365  
DAYS LATER, "BUCKY"  
AGAIN HALTED THE DODGERS  
WHO HAD WON 9 STRAIGHT!

ON JULY 14, 1902,  
JUSTIN "NIG" CLARKE,  
A CATCHER FOR  
CORSICANA VS.  
TEXARKANA, IN TEXAS,  
WENT TO BAT EIGHT  
TIMES... AND HIT  
EIGHT HOME RUNS

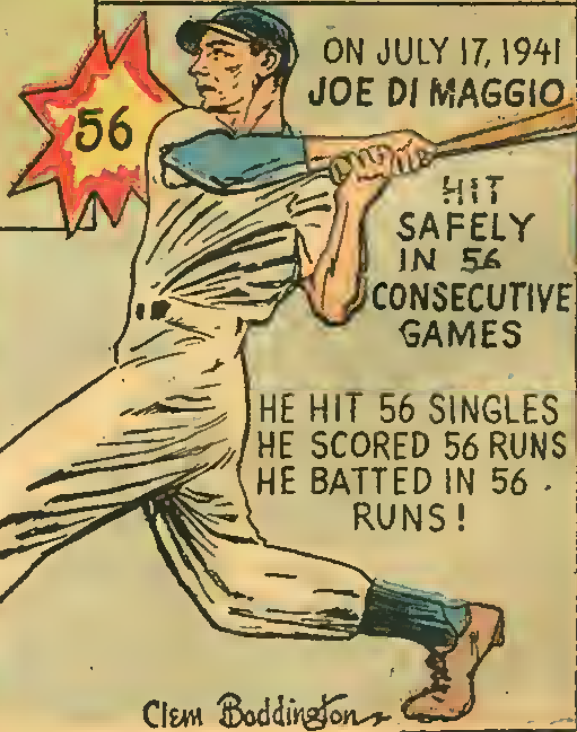


AND  
ODDLY ENOUGH  
YOU'LL BE MISSING  
A TREAT IF YOU  
DON'T LISTEN TO

## THE SHADOW

ON THE RADIO EVERY SUNDAY

CONSULT YOUR LOCAL  
NEWSPAPER FOR TIME  
AND STATION



ON JULY 17, 1941  
**JOE DI MAGGIO**

HIT  
SAFELY  
IN 56  
CONSECUTIVE  
GAMES

HE HIT 56 SINGLES  
HE SCORED 56 RUNS  
HE BATTED IN 56  
RUNS!

Clem Boddington